

RiFile

wrfl programming guide



IT'S
SMOOTH.

SPRING-ish
1996

LIVING STEREO

** Swiftly * Rabby & Seber **
Local Music???
*hookers * Paul K and the WEATHERMEN. Supafuzz. Catawampus. Lime Shy.*

You might be wondering why the only place you hear local music, is WRFL???

Well, there is a simple reason for this....
 All the other stations wouldn't know an up-and-coming band, if it hit them with a 9 lb. Hammer, 10 Foot Pole, or an Idiot Box!!!
 Simple as that.
 God forbid that Lime Shy is signed.... or that Catawampus tours the west coast, or Tim tours the east coast. What if Supafuzz, and Paul K. toured the U.S.?? Huh??? Well??? There you have it....

We at WRFL strive to push local music out...into the open, vast space of America.
 We offer a wide range of local acts.
 From punk to pop, grunge to jazz, folk to funk.... we got it!!!!

Tune in Saturdays 3-6pm with me, The Aardvark, I will take you on a local trip, through past, present and future....
 Tune in.... I won't turn you out....

-Aardvark!
 AHS 2W17.

* Swiftly * Rabby & Seber *
 hookers * Paul K and the WEATHERMEN. Supafuzz. Catawampus. Lime Shy.

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This fargin' thing was mostly put together by
Chief glue sticker & marker sniffer... **ToDD DoCKerY**

Marginal Minimum Wage Labor by Woooo.

Thanks to everyone involved. Sorry about the delay. Sorry about the disclaimers.

interview with

TILT

by Jonathan Cook



featuring:
Jeffery, Cinder, and
Vince

BEWARE!

me: So how long have you guys been together?

J: Three and a half years.

Me: From San Francisco, right?

J: Oakland, Berkeley

C: East Bay!

Me: So I assume you frequent Gilman Street?

J: We play there alot. We're playing there when we get back on September 22.

Me: So is that still a respectable place with the popularity of punk?

C: Oh yeah. They don't let major label bands play there anymore. But Rancid can still play there because Epitaph isn't considered a major label. Anyway, that's kind of our home away from home and there's alot of good bands that no one hears about that play there. It's a good scene.

Me: So are you guys aware that on the answering machine of the Wrocklage you're considered to be the next Green Day?

J: Well Cinder looks a lot like Billy Joe.

C: They hear we're from the East Bay and therefore think that they'll draw more people in if you just say Green Day.

Me: So what do you guys miss about the East Bay scene when you're not there?

C: My cat.

V: the Food.

J: My own bed.

C: We've been touring the states pretty relentlessly since the beginning of the year with not much time off.

J: This is our third US tour this year. We go to Europe in October and November.

C: I'm pretty excited about that, you know, because we've been all over this here damn country so we're gonna go to another damn country.

J: But this is the first time that we've played Kentucky so it's pretty exciting for us.

Me: Yeah, it's pretty exciting for us. So, you guys used to be on Lookout, didn't you?

J: Yeah, our first record was on it.

Me: So what happened, was it a move up to go to Fat Records or...?

J: Absolutely.

C: We wanted more help. We wanted to make a good record basically, that was our objective. And we said to [Lookout] "Well, can you help us out. Can you do this, this, this." and they said, "Well, maybe." So we asked "Is it OK if we look around for someone else and see if they'll do more for us." and they said "Sure". We let them know, straight up we were looking around for other labels and not, as rumored, only Majors. We were looking around for other Indies. Whoever could help us put out the best record. And then when we came back we said that noone really peaked our interest, so they said we were like a returning girlfriend going out having a fling so "we're all jealous and we're gonna drop you". But we're still on good terms with them. And then Fat picked us up right away. We went home and called Fat Mike because he wanted to put out our first record anyway.

Me: So it's definately an improvement?

C: Yeah, I mean Fat Mike and the whole crew at Fat Records was fantastic. They helped out alot and made our job as musicians alot easier, they took a lot of pressure off. And helped put out a really good record Tilt Kills.

V: Fat Mike's my Dad!

C: But we're still on good terms (with Lookout). We do business with them in other ways. They're a great label and I respect what they do.

Me: So now that you're happy with Fat are you gonna stick around there for awhile or still keep your eye open for maybe Epitaph or maybe higher?

J: No, we would never sign to Epitaph. Why sign to Epitaph when we're on Fat. We have a great label. We have everything we want. That's not to say that we're gonna be there forever because you can't look into the future. But, you know. we're taking it one record at a time and doing this our way. SO as long as we can do [that] then that's where we'll be.

Me: Sounds good. Alright, big turn in things. What do you guys listen to when you're ...you know...listening to things?

J: Classic country!

V: Johnny Cash!

Me: Wow, you guys would fit in well around here.

J: We listen to everything.

C: It's pretty eclectic.

J: Everything from classic rock to blue note jazz. Old punk rock, new punk rock. Against All Authority from Florida. A great ska band. If you're not playing 'em on your station you should get a hold of their record. Lot's of bands.

V: Your Mom!

Me: Yeah, she's a good one.

J: Vince misses his mom, he needs a Mom.

Me: Oh really, I'll keep my eye open.

C: Maybe he can borrow your Mom?

Me: Yeah, I think she's free this weekend. OK, a generic question: Why Lexington, did you pick it yourselves?

V: Our agent screwed us.

(We all shared a laugh)

C: We were just trying to hit places that we haven't hit before.

J: This is our third US tour this year and we wanted to hit someplace smaller, more out of the way. College areas and stuff like that. We just want ot keep touring, we don't want to burn out by playing the same city every time. And basically like Vince said, our agent screwed us.

(Again we clutched our sides.)

PURE AMERICANA
a true story, as told by
Lester Peebles

They look so good I almost turn around to go get a couple myself, but me and Errett's got a schedule to keep.

So anyway, me and Errett pull up to this gas station in my red '77 Toyota pick up, the one without the rearview mirrors. And as I turn off the ignition, we listen to her sputter and rattle and whirl to a stop. And as I was pumpin' the gas this gas station attendant in his blue jump suit out lookin' like Abe Lincoln with his beard was sweepin'

up trash and I'm thinkin' "Wow." And by the look on Errett's face I'm sure he's thinkin' "Sweet beard" although Errett had the sweetest beard of all. And as I walk into the gas station to pay, the warm scent of corndogs wafts to my nose. And while I'm standin' in line lookin' at the magazine rack this young pretty girl points and giggles and comments on the cover of the latest tabloid. So as I'm payin' the guy behind the counter with his tractor hat of love, this other

guy behind me is buyin' some Ale-8's, brewed and bottled from it's own spring in the heart of the Bluegrass.

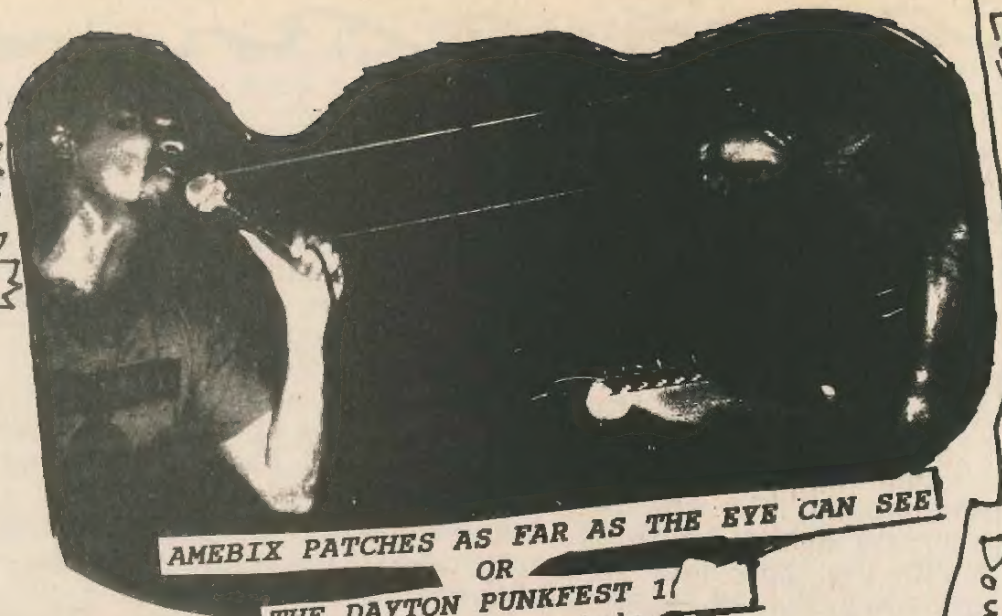
So I hand the guy a couple of ones with George Washington starin' up at me. Hey, I notice, two U.S. Presidents in a matter of minutes must be some

sort of sign. And as we're pulling away from the pumps I look up at the glowing sign that says "Super America", you know, real patriotic, like as if to say "America is Super." Kind of sums it up, 'cause you can't have a much more American experience than that.

END.

SUPER

pix by
Jason
Thompson



AMEBIX PATCHES AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE

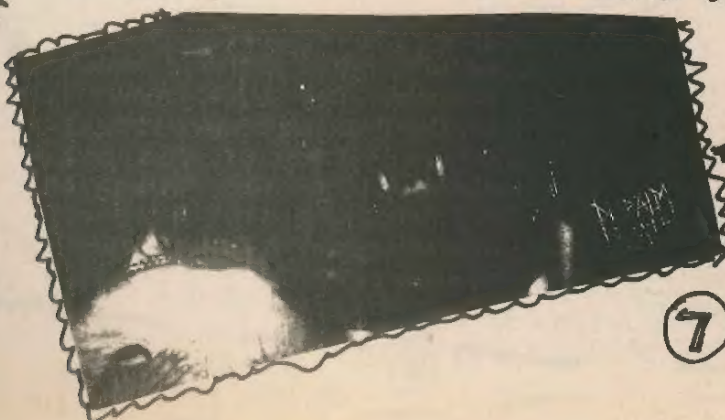
OR

THE DAYTON PUNKFEST 1

by Doug Saretsky

"Los Cudos tear it up on Saturday"
Doug

How can I describe the annual "Punkfest" that was held at Brookwood Hall in Dayton, Ohio over the weekend of June 24th and 25th of this year of our Lord 1995 without my account of the event sounding as if the whole shindig were some kind of fucking Lollapalooza with insular "question authority" politics inserted for additional coolness points? I don't have a clue. Basically, the entire weekend was intended as a "Victim of Injustice" benefit for Native American activist Leonard Peltier (who still remains imprisoned despite even more mainstreamed support for his release). I guess a good point of summarization would sound a little something like this: Tons of punks, tons of bands, tons of beer, and tons of sheer, uncut insanity in the concentrated hell of the smog-ridden outskirts of Dayton. Dayton was something in itself. It was like someone had taken the pollution from a Los Angeles or a New York and strategically imported it to the midwest. When we entered the city limits on Friday afternoon, there was an almost omnipresent layer of sooty air covering the atmosphere like a shroud, except for where the sun poked through the smog like some kind of distant silver coin. All I could think about was Henry Miller's description of the Chicago backstreets in the preface to Tropic of Cancer. He would have had a *fucking field day* in Dayton, especially at the Punkfest. I'll recount the details of the weekend as well as I can...



Felix Havoc
and Code13

7

DAY ONE

Most of the Lexington punks arrived around 5:30 in the afternoon and quickly quarantined ourselves to the back area of the campground, sipping beer and being relatively sober and unobtrusive (believe it or not). Anyway, MORTICITE from Cincinnati were the first to play, starting around 8:30 or so. Most of my friends really hated this band. I thought they were all right. Yeah, maybe a bit out of place at something called the "Punkfest," but whatever...a lot of their songs deal with racism, ignorance, and the like. So they were a bit metal-sounding, but I dug them-no surprise there. ASSRASH played next, but I missed their set in its entirety due to the fact that I was on a perpetual beer run that started about halfway through MORTICITE's appearance.

STATE OF FEAR are the next band I remember seeing, and they were *solid*. This band is made up of ex-DISRUPT and DEFORMED CONSCIENCE members, and it totally shows. Great, really fast hardcore in the vein of old European thrash-omats like AVSKUM and MOB 47.

Speaking of European hardcore, no article on the subject would be complete without mention of HIATUS, who were touring with STATE OF FEAR and the next band to play.

Picasso
and
Bill



from
Mankind?

Seeing HIATUS was like something out of a dream-I never figured I'd get to see them play live, as they hail from Belgium and I'm not over there too often. It was a complete whirlwind of crusty sounds and flying dreadlocks everywhere; really amazing.

CODE 13 were the last band to play on this first night of the Punkfest. Fronted by ex-DESTROY! member Felix Havoc, CODE 13 played a vitriolic set that fell somewhere between DROP DEAD-style speedcore and old-school, MISFITS-type punk rock. Their "Doomed Society" EP on Havoc Records is a must-get: supposedly another one is on the way soon.

DAY TWO

Most of the people from Lexington (wussies) left the campsite around 2 a.m. to seek out hotel rooms in downtown Dayton. Being that myself, along with my fellow Lex-drunkards Jason, Steve, Sarah, Casey, and Emily had made the trip expressly for representing the Lexington punks (har), we crashed at the campsite. My plan was simple enough-just get piss-drunk enough the first night and you won't care

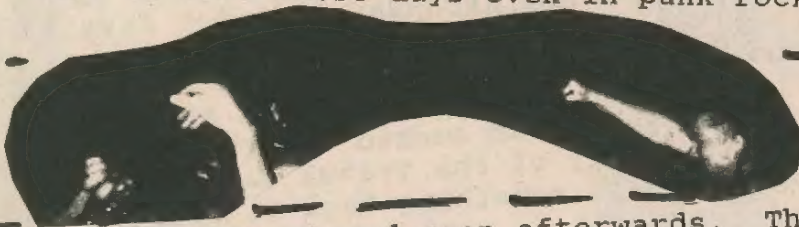
where you sleep. And that was all good until I woke up at FUCKING 7:30 A.M. hungover and completely covered with bug bites. Oh well. Most of the day was taken up with record shopping and a trip to the supermarket which spawned the "Barbecued Cereal" incident that will live forever in "Lexington scene" infamy.

But let's cut to the chase-PAWN were the first band I saw that day. This 5-piece band hails from Dayton, with Terry and Salamander from the Alienation Collective (responsible for putting on the whole show). I had never even heard of PAWN before, but I was pleasantly surprised. Very tight, hard-edged punk with dual vocals screaming and generally sounding super pissed. They have a demo out, but I forgot to set myself up with a copy. Stupid!

FINAL WARNING were next, if my memory serves...this band is fronted by Neil Thompson, ex-NAUSEA and JESUS CHRUST, vocalist and head honcho of Tribal War Records. Again, very tight, metallic hardcore with DISCHARGE and NAUSEA covers thrown in for good measure. They played a disappointingly short set-I was really looking forward to seeing them. I think they had to be in another town that day-shit.

MANKIND? from Waterbury, Connecticut were next (my sequences may be a little off by this point). I don't know how to describe MANKIND?- they were just *punk*; straight up. They've got a split EP with England's DIRT on Tribal War that's worth hearing-see the end of this article for the address.

WARPATH played next-maybe? This was another band I had never heard-they're from Pennsylvania and are a very political band (which is good). They were completely furious-with lyrics dealing with everything from homophobia to abortion to racism. You could tell they really believed what they were shouting about; that kind of conviction is hard to find these days-even in punk rock.



ASSRASH play for
the drunks

AUS ROTTEN played soon afterwards. These guys are from Pennsylvania as well and play aggressive punk in the vein of CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE and ABRASIVE WHEELS with a little bit of old CHAOS U.K. thrown in for kicks. They're extremely nice fellows as well (even after we couldn't hook them up with a show in Lexington). Their "Fuck Nazi Sympathy" EP on Havoc Records is essential. Look for an LP on Tribal War sometime by the end of the year.

Finally, LOS CRUDOS were set to play. I say "finally" not because it was near the end of the say, but rather that all of us had been jonesing to see CRUDOS since arriving in Dayton. They were delayed due to somebody misplacing one of their microphones, but hit the stage with a vengeance. I had heard that they were not a band to be taken lightly, which was 100% true. Very political and intense; bands like LOS CRUDOS really don't come around too often. A band called PROZAC followed them; fronted Shane from CODE-13. They played a short, noisy set falling somewhere in between the SHITLICKERS and A.C.

L.O.P. were the last band I saw before assembling the crew together and heading back to Lexington. They played good, straight-ahead punk that reminded me of RUPTURE (sans speedy thrash breaks and sexually perverted lyrics). They even played a version of the DAMNED classic "Born to Kill" which was dedicated to yours truly. I was flattered and hated to leave, but by this time I was literally covered with dirt and fleas and aching to get back home. God, I miss those guys...they're recording soon, so look out. Some band called OFFICER DOWN played after L.O.P., but we were on the road by then. Too much sweat, too much dirt; we all reeked.

EPILOGUE

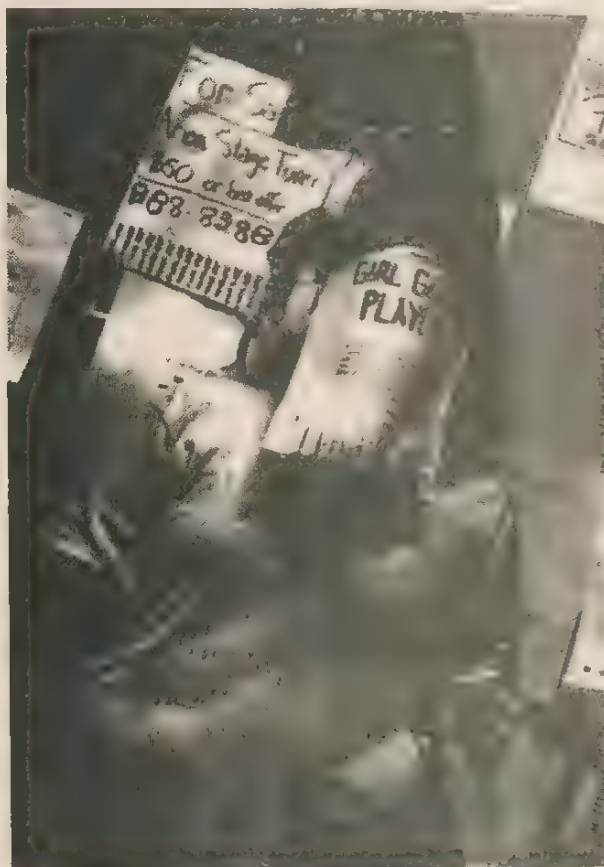
In some ways, I guess my weekend in the great outdoors in Dayton was an exercise in endurance. I lived like a dog—completely caked in filth and smelling of perspiration and stale, spilt beer. And, in any crowd of 400 or so, there's always bound to be a few wingnuts walking around. Most notable here were this guy who was zonked for the whole weekend on PCP and some other obnoxious type who was convinced I was wearing his belt. Yes, I'll admit it—there are some people out there who are such complete and utter fucking idiots that whenever I'm around, all I can think is "God, you're such a numbskull—will you please fuck off?" This guy was a trip after a while, though. He was trying to rope poor Neil into selling him a HELLKRUSHER shirt for five bucks on the pretense that "Man, I'm a true punk; I can quote any SUBHUMANS lyric!" All the while the guy on PCP was trying to cop some free records, even though his back was a bright, flaming red and he was so zonked out that he could barely talk. How Neil or any of the Tribal War people maintained their cool composure is something that'll always be above me.



This annoyance notwithstanding, the whole living-on-potato-chips-and-sleeping-in-the-goddamn-grass-in-a-puddle-of-my-own-vomit thing was worth it. When I wasn't being a complete drunken sod, I picked up some cool records, lots of information on political groups, met a lot of great people, and solidified my friendships with my "punk rock friends" from Lexington and the surrounding area. I would definitely recommend something like the "Punkfest" for anyone that's even remotely interested in punk rock. I'm not exaggerating; something like this is excellent for making contacts and strengthening your beliefs in music and politics that don't exist for profit or acceptance from mainstream networks. No doubt; there were no whiney wannabe "alternative" rockers or gas station-jacket wearing, chain-wallets-hanging-out-of-our-asses, WEEZER-listening motherfuckers. It was just *too punk*-even for me. Can't wait till next year! Up the fucking punks!

(In closing, I'd like to give a special "whassup" to the following people: Joe from L.O.P. and the Lima anarchists, Brian Omer, Dan H, Doug Zombie, Steve and Chris from APARTMENT 213, Salamander (a.k.a. Tobias, a.k.a. Razzle), and you, for reading this piece of shit.)

Doug Saretsky/Burning Sensations
P.O. Box 777
University Station
Lexington, KY 40506-0025



FESTIVAL TOILET...
UHHH... I THINK
I'LL JUST WAIT GUYS.

Lindsay Hoffman

tells it like it is, talkin' 'bout
Hubcap Records...

When considering a topic for a radio station zine, I immediately was reminded of my friends back home. I am from the Cincinnati area, and just moved down here about a week ago, actually. I am a freshman at UK, and the experience so far is pretty cool. I missed my friends terribly the first couple of days I was here, so when presented with the opportunity to write an article, I have taken advantage of giving them some recognition.

It all started off as a group of friends who got together and thought it would be a groovy idea to start a label featuring local bands (of Cincinnati). This was about a year ago. There were a series of benefit shows held to get things started off, and *Hubcap* members (such as Rachel French, Steven Barton, and Wade Craddock) were lucky to have tremendous support from friends and family.

When I first heard about some of my friends starting a record label, I thought it was pretty cool, but didn't really think it would go anywhere. There are, surprisingly, a lot of cool bands with some real potential that are from the Northern Kentucky area. However, they needed some publicity. Well, some of these bands have come together to form a record label, dubbed *Hubcap Records*.

When things finally started rolling, several shows were held where donations could be given to a friend of *Hubcap's* who is ill with cancer, and the money helps to pay for his treatment. Throughout the past six or seven months, they have released a solo album by *NYX*, a band with an industrial sound. Also they have released a split 6-song ep of *Luci* and *Foiface*, who have a sound similar to *Fugazi's*. *Short Millie*, an band with a poppy ska sound is also scheduled to release an 8-song lp in the near future.

I, and many others are excited to get the compilation CD that will be coming out on Halloween night. Some of the bands featured are; *Short Millie, Fourteen, Tugboat, Little Fish, Luci, Foilface, and The Fergusons*. 'As of now, they have a business license run out of a member's apartment. To be on the mailing list or recieve mail order, please write:

Hubcap Records
P.O. Box 18014
Erlanger, KY 41074

I shyly admit that I am proud and impressed with what I have seen occur in the past year with *Hubcap*. It is so great to see people working together for something that is really cool, and I wish them the best of luck in the future.

THE HARD 'TRAVELIN' REVUE -

with Pat Procissi

Saturday 12 noon - 2 pm

SCREW M.T.V. UNPLUGGED !!!!!!!!!

Folk music, uh, that's some white guy with a Martin bitching about Vietnam, right? HELLO! Check out what's happening right here in one of the most culturally rich regions in the U.S. Join us every Saturday afternoon for two hours of everything from old mountain music, bluegrass, protest singers and string band music to new singer songwriters, Sonny Terry, Brownie McGhee, Leadbelly, Woody, Dylan, Cashes, Carters, Seegers, Berrymans, folk rock, country, polka on the banjo and other appalling strangeness. Tune in for our on the air open mike as local artists play live in our studio. Concert and festival information, ticket giveaways, contra dancers, banjo pickers, guitar strummin' & thumpin', editorializin', poetry, politically incorrect kazoo soloists and more than we could possibly tell you about. Check it out Sat. from 12 - 2 pm on Radio Free Lexington.

THE TEN PENNY BIT-

with Pat Procissi

Saturday 2-3pm

Take a trip to the Isles each Saturday with the Ten Penny Bit. Traditional and Modern Celtic music to entertain, enrapture, and entrance the wee bit of a Gael in everyone. We also feature local and live Celtic musicians, concert and festival information, and more. Join us for an hour of everything from the earthy to the mystical and beyond...

Wesley Speaks

Wesley Willis stands somewhere around 6' 5". He has a very limp handshake. He sports an old scar on his cheek and a new bruise on his forehead the size of a microphone. When Susannah and I walked into the Wrocklage on the night of January 13th, he was sitting alone, working on one of his drawings. Marker on poster board. A gentle creature hard at work. I pulled up a chair. The following is an excerpt from the "interview" that followed.

(Official Explanation: Wesley likes to talk. He talks in a very particular way as you shall soon discover. The dialogue is unedited for the most part. Susannah & I quickly learned to nod and give Wesley affirmation when asked for. We now return to our regularly scheduled program.)

Wesley: Nobody can kill my rock music. Nobody can put my rock music out of harmonization. Nobody can keep me from rockmusicland. I'm not going to let the demon keep me from rockmusicland. When I rock this jam session tonight, I'm gonna lead myself to superstardom. I'm gonna have a good joyride that I'm never gonna forget. I'm gonna tell you one thing, as long as I go on tour with my Fiasco Band and Trailer Hitch and do my solo, it's going to be a fun joyride for me every time I go on a bus tour of joy with musical pickmeup. It's better than going on a hellbusride with somebody talk you in

profanity. It's better than to tell a bus driver to suck your damn dick. That can make you have a hellride right in 3 seconds. Right?

Susannah: Right.

Wesley: Tell me something, would you like to see the list of hellbusrides? You live in Utah?...Uh-Wuh-wuh!! I'm talking stupidly! Do you live in Lexington?

Susannah: yup.

Wesley: How do you like it here in the south?

Susannah: It gets annoying.

Wesley: How are the buses here in LexingtonKentucky?

Susannah: They're okay.

Wesley: Are the buses in Chicago real bad? (to me) Hey sir, check out my hellbusrides, I will show them to you right now.



(Wesley proceeds to read from a notebook documenting every hellbusride he's had since the beginning of the year, averaging about 7 a day, totaling 67 torture-hellbusrides in the first 9 days of 1996)

Wesley: (to Larry) Hey bartender! Give me some more water so I can sound good.

Bandmate: What's the magic word?

Wesley: Please!

Bandmate: You want pizza?

Wesley: I don't want pizza cuz it has sauce. Sauce will make you freak out.

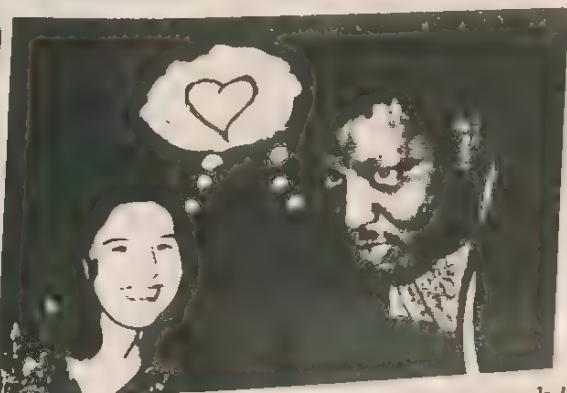
Bandmate: No it won't.

Wesley: It has sugar, sugar has sauce in it. I'm saying it again. Sauce has sugar. Don't give me any pizza.

Dan: Can I look at your other drawings Wesley?

Wesley: (to Susannah, ignoring me) I'm going to start the sentence over again right now. On Thursday night January 11th I had 3 Halls cough drops which I believe were sugar free. It had lots of sugar in it. After when I took 3 Halls Menthylptis(sp?)cough drops, my nerves got shattered. I yelled my brains out at Submarine Galley in Dayton Ohio. All 4 members of my band got on my ass. Friday was different. I had a good joyride last night. (Grabs Susannah's head) Gimme a headbump, say Rawr!

Susannah: Rawr!



(Wesley pats Susannah's head, Susannah pats Wesley's head. Wesley laughs.)

Wesley: They will hear my music and they will like it.

Susannah: I like your music.

Wesley: Do you love it?

Susannah: I love it.

Wesley: You heard one of my rockmusic songs?

Susannah: Yes.

Wesley: You like my CD?

Susannah: Yes.

Wesley: You like to share my nerve shattering hellride?

Susannah: uh...

Dan: Hey, can we do an interview? Can I ask you some questions?

Wesley: Talk to me right now in the interview. Tell me about my rock music on my solo keyboard and tell me about my Fiasco Band.

Dan: When did you start singing?

Wesley: I started singing in the year 1992. And 1992 was the year the Fiasco band formed. And 1992 was the year I fronted the band.

And right now since I'm in a rock band that's going to get me somewhere, good things are going to happen to me as well.

Susannah: And you'll stay in Rockmusicland. (By now Susannah could speak in Wesley's native tongue)

Wesley: That's right. I'm gonna keep my butt in rockmusicland once and for all.

Dan: Have you always lived in Chicago?

Wesley: I've been living in Chicago for 20 years.

Dan: Where did you live before that?

Wesley: Back in 1975, I lived..Ooof! Just tell me don't slur my voice. I was born in Chicago in 1963 at Michael Rees (?) Hospital. I've lived in Chicago for 33 years. I love having fun in town. But the only thing I don't like about Chicago is the goddamn hellrides that I take on buses and L-Trains.

Dan: Do you like seeing other cities?

Wesley: I like to see the sights as I go along. I like to keep my butt busy. I like to see the sights right here in Lexington-Kentucky. I like to have fun anywhere. I like to get out of town for a while. I do not like seeing everyday people. Seeing everyday people anywhere else make me go crazy. But seeing everyday people in Chicago make

me go crazy the most. Sometimes I don't like looking at everyday people. I have to go to a different place to look at different people.

Dan: How many songs have you recorded?

Wesley: Over the past 4 years I've recorded at least 500 songs.

Dan: How many CDs is that?

Wesley: I did a total of at least 14 CDs.

Dan: How long have you been doing these drawings?

Wesley: I have been drawing for at least 12 years. I love to do it. I love to stay on the right track. I love to keep busy and do something that's worth doing me right. But thank God I'm gonna do well in Jesus' name and I'm not going to let the inside world motherfucker steer me wrong. I'm not going to cuss. I'm going to have a joyride for sure tonight.

Dan: What kinds of music do you like to listen to?

Wesley: I listen to rock music. I listen to heavy metal. I listen to death metal. I listen to any music that come to my way.

Dan: What are your favorite bands?

Wesley: I like the Beatles. I like Paul McCartney. I like Nirvana. I like Alice in Chains. I like Material Issue. And I like to write songs about the bands I love to see in concert.

(Various asundry chaos ensues. Enter Steve Baron. Wesley proceeds to write down our names for the guest list.)



Wesley: (to me & Susannah) Guess what?

Susannah: What?

I'm going to write a song about both of you on my next American Records Label.

Susannah: Wow!

Dan: You remember Steve?


Wesley: I remember him from this afternoon.

(Wesley & Fiasco walked into CD Central earlier that afternoon as Steve & I were trying to manage an already hectic store full of people. It was a little nerve shattering to say the least. When he left the store, I felt like I just witnessed a sighting of Bigfoot.)

Wesley: (To Steve) I'm going to put you on the guest list. All 3 of you are invited here. All 3 of you are welcome at this bar. Hey, Susannah Roitman, I'm going to write a song about you. I'm going to write a song about you, Dan Wu. I'm going to write a song about you, Steve Baron. And guess what? It's going to be a rocking rock song.

(Later, after a little haggling, Steve buys one of Wesley's drawings for \$40. Wesley does a little plug for WRFL and went over his hellbusride schedule with us again. The show was excellent. It whooped a llama's ass. The Fiasco Band bounced around the stage like incarnations of Kiss while Wesley stood very still, barking from his ragged notebook of verse. After the show, Wesley remembered our names and promised once again to write

songs about us. Imagine it, the new hit single "Dan Wu". Wesley's signing with American Records and making a few bucks finally. I'm awfully proud of him and so is Susannah. Steve's looking to get a frame for his new work of art to hang in the store. I still can't find my Wesley Willis Fiasco t-shirt.)

-Dan Wu 



(For the Unabridged version of this interview, Check out Oriental Whatever #3, coming soon to your nearest grocer's freezer.)




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Wow!

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PART ONE

P
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Across

1. Cute Japanese Band: _____ Five
2. half of Uncle Tupelo's remains
3. Jazz's Lady Day
4. Lead Gangstarr
5. local yokel & Metro Blues All Star
6. Circular Dance Entity
7. Track #2. Nevermind
8. Nobody loves them, it's true.
9. Nick Cave & the Bad _____
10. My favorite dog food
11. The new bohemian wife of Paul Simon
12. Shortest local band name
13. _____ Will Eat Itself
14. Lex-town's Only Radio station left
15. Chunk/Grass/Man/Naught/hero
16. Our Moo Goo Gai Pan contains no _____
17. Commercial Radio. _____
18. Married to you step-mom
19. My apartment allows no _____
20. Bruce/Brandon/Aaron/Kathy/Sara/van Cleef
22. _____ Reed-lounge-not high
23. Nightmare on _____ Street
24. Flat Duo _____
25. Pere _____
26. Peter Gabriel album
27. Our Reggae show
28. Out of the Cellar
29. Charlie Parker
30. Bon Jovi album Slippery When _____
31. Wicket W. Warrick
32. A Dime a Dance
33. Our Country/Americana show
34. local acid jazz gig
35. Foot finger
36. Sitar god Ravi
37. Our punk show Burning _____
38. Courtenay Love's shitty band
39. the other son of Uncle Tupelo
40. bastard child of Reggae & Punk
41. Cincinnati band Ass _____
42. Oliver Stone's Vietnam flick
43. self published underground mag
44. female folk duo
45. Over the Rhine album (or the night before)
46. Our Bluegrass show
47. music is candy for your _____
48. Our beautiful university
49. Mr Lovett loves everybody
50. I saw Don _____ in Hawaii
51. Mama Mia, Here I go again...
52. Lexington's biggest cock-rock radio station
53. _____ & the Vigodas
54. Yet another Jackson
55. Kiss's _____ Freyley
56. Thursday night regulars at the Wrocklage
57. Length of Trent's nails (or a big sandwich)
58. HipHop
59. Had a greasy pork chop
60. Boyz n the Moor _____ Fleck

Down

1. Priscilla, _____ of the Desert
2. Noisy Lextown music club
3. Guitar Guru _____ Dale
4. Diamanda _____
5. movie: Killing _____
6. Archers of _____
7. record label for Helmet, NIN, Snoop, etc
8. _____ Communication
9. Our jazz show
10. Piano bench grinder Tori _____
11. Chronic Town Monster
12. Our HipHop show
13. movie about youngsters
14. Japanese noise band
15. Jaco Pastorius, Flea, Geddy Lee, kip winger
16. Jazz great _____ Davis
17. this here publication
18. Dirty Dozen _____ Band
19. destiny to torch
20. local kids Shade _____ Mechanic
22. REM album
23. Onyx/Biohazard song (a wrestling move)
24. lead sugarcube
25. spit or _____
26. Velvet Lou
27. Black Ryder at the Diner
28. Madder _____
29. Louisville Instrumental heroes
30. PJ Harvey album
31. wrench, hammer, clamp
32. Canadians Cowboy _____
33. movie A clockwork _____
34. Ex-Xer _____ Cervenka
35. Kerouac & the _____ Generation
36. soundtrack to the Last Temptation of Christ
37. How to walk after an ice storm
38. Aussies Midnight _____
39. Nine Inch Nails EP
40. Crooklyn players Digable _____
41. Ten Foot _____
42. License to _____
43. Talking Heads album
44. prenatal album
45. Response to Mtv
46. Like Water for Fratboys
47. Cincinnati band Over the _____
48. Our Metal show Entropic
49. JG Thirwell project (or resident of 44 across)
50. Evil band Marilyn _____
51. Tank Girl's Kangaroo boyfriend
52. Filmmaker Wim _____
53. Church of Subgenius Idol
54. Pearl Jam album
55. Sabbath/Flag/47/Foot
56. Lex band _____ Shy (an exotic fruit)
57. String breakin' Folk Goddess _____ DiFranco
58. Noisy game in South Hill Station
59. Page Hamilton's headgear
60. World renowned wife of John Lennon
61. Wizard of _____

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WRF's Not Quite Right Crossword

PROGRAM → SPRING

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY
2-3 AM	THE Afterglow	Mr. Mordecai's MYSTERY SHOW	Across the Oceans
3-6 AM	KEVIN MINCH	Mike TAYLOR	Marc Hensley
SIX 2 NINE am	Gregg Goldstein	ROSS Compton	Gerald Evans
9 → Noon	THIS WOMAN'S WORK	Steffanie Fegley	Post Nuclear CHAMBER MUSIC
Noon to 3 PM	HOT BURRITO	Seth BURNETT	Josh Weill
3 → 6 PM	HOE DAD Hootenanny	Scott Russell	Gina Genti/e
6 → 9 PM	WORLD BEAT	PACIFICA NEWS → → → → Roots CULTURE	Vince Barker
Nine ↓ Midnight	the VIGIL	MORNING METAL SHOW At Night	the Album Feature

'96 ⇐ schedule



Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
STREET INTELLECT	CATACOMBS	Burning Sensation	the LATE LATE SHOW
Chris BARBER	Tracy Linblad	Kevin Burchfield	Belinda Runkle
Tom Moreland	Lindsay Hoffman	Megan Sagnisch	Kevin Minch
Rob Kidwell	Mary Gilmarfin	Eric Thornsburg	Blue Yodel
DAN Wu	ThrobboSonic REALM	Tom Miller	HARD TRAVELIN' REVUE & TEN PENNY BIT
Robert Karem	E. J.	A. J. Naito	In the Neighborhood
→ → → →	→ → → →	→ → → →	→ → → →
Will Burchard	Ellen Bush	JAZZ Aint NO LEMON	Blue this EVENING
History OF THE FUTURE	Music From INDIA	THRU the VIBE	Psychedelic Catsen

STUN ME

an interview with Bill Shields

by Nick Valle
transcribed and edited
by Todd Dockery

For those of you not familiar with the writings of Bill Shields, this interview, the result of a lengthy phone conversation between Nick and Bill, gives a straight-up-no-bullshit picture of the man and his work. Bill displays honesty and sincerity with the same kind of directness and truth that his readers have come to expect. If you don't rush out and purchase all of his books after reading this (if you haven't already) then something must be wrong with you.

bill: Yeah, small press, man, that's where my heart is. I've been in the small press world for years and years up until the last couple, and it's been like, sure, yeah, let's roll with it brother, anything you need, I'll talk about.

nick: I'll just tell you about the poetry magazine. In the next magazine will be the interview. I've got quite a bit of poetry from other people as well as band lyrics. Also, I publish chap books.

bill: I've written a lot of poetry. I've just finished a novel which I sent to Rollins two weeks ago.

nick: I was going to ask you about that.

bill: oh man, wore me the fuck out. I've written poetry for years and then I get the urge to write prose. And it will stay with me for six months to a year. And then I miss poetry a lot. Like, tonight I just rented from the library some Pablo Neruda and I was like, "that'll get me writing." Get me some Neruda and see how it's done again, you know. Yeah, I just finally finished that son of a bitch up and sent it to him. I just talked to Henry the other day and I said, "hey, that's it for awhile now. I'm going back to poetry. I know you want prose, but

I'm going back to poetry because that's where my heart really is.

nick: I think poetry to me is a lot easier to write.

bill: The way I write prose is not wordy, it's real tough. Poetry, to me I'd like, it's a line and I can do things here.

nick: I think you can do more just dependent upon your mood for whatever poem you're in.

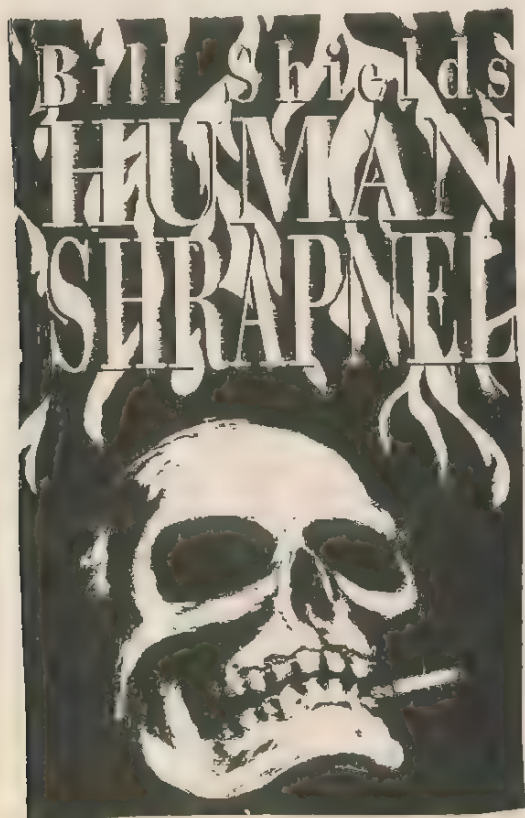
bill: in ten lines of poetry I can write a short story. And that is hard to do with prose. I've tried it and it almost worked or maybe it did work. In poetry I can give you everything I need to give you in five to ten lines. And that's that super condensation which is like here, pow,

stun me, stun me. Poetry can do that. Prose even on its best day never stunned anybody. It's like the slow ride, but I'd rather get in there and be 100 miles an hour.

nick: if you want to tell me a little bit about you...

bill: sure, we'll do a quick run. born 1951 in southwestern Pennsylvania in a little coal mining town called (I can't make out what town Bill says on the tape, and I'm not familiar with

Pennsylvania, so...your guess is as good as mine). Came from a very bad childhood, to put it mildly. It's all in the books but it's all true, unfortunately. It's the ultimate dysfunctional family. I love that word dysfunctional family. Give me a break, nobody came from a normal family. Even the Kids from a normal family didn't come from a normal family. A normal family doesn't exist. I was seventeen years old and graduated from high school and the options were real thin about what to do with my life. So out of my stupidity and ignorance, I joined the navy. I remember sitting in the recruiting office and the guy said, "Special operations technician, if I were fifteen years younger, I'd do this." And I thought, cool, this might be fun. And out of my own ignorance became a navy seal. Went through all of that, went to Vietnam. Came back December 1970, adjusted somewhat. Got married, went back to Vietnam in 72, came back pretty nuts. Had some drug problems. Had a child. Went back for the fall of Saigon in 75. Came back, still married, and went



through drug rehab. I just finished this book about heroin use and drug use, and my head's still kind of on it, forgive me on this one.

nick: (laughs) that's ok.

bill: Kind of did odd and end work there for a couple of years. Had another kid

or two. Went to college in 78 or 79, graduated 81. In 82 my daughter was diagnosed with leukemia. In 83 she died. I didn't really start writing until I was 28 years old. I didn't ever write a word until I was 28.

nick: What did you go to school for?

bill: I started in business, first term. I thought, "hey, you can get a job if you get a degree in business." And after looking at that and realizing how pathetic I am at math and economics, man, I ran screaming out of there. But I had an intro to lit class and a really good professor and that turned me onto reading. I was writing then, but it wasn't very good, but I never stopped. All that shit would be a total embarrassment if I saw it now. Christ, it's hard not to be embarrassed every day of our lives, but that would be a real slap in the face. Six months or maybe a year before my daughter died I stopped because of the futility of the times. I literally remember the day I stopped writing. I packed up everything I had written and thrown it in the garbage can, put it on the front steps, and slammed my typewriter. Destroyed it. And I said, "that's it, I'm not writing ever again. There's no sense to this anymore. I don't have what it takes. It's not going to work out for me." Just like everything else at that time. I was going through post-traumatic stress disorder. A real rough time. So my daughter dies, and I buried myself into my job for a while, for six months or a year. And in '84 or '85, I started writing again. And it

felt good, I was living for it. And I didn't do it for therapy, I did it because I wanted to write. And I figured, I had one hell of a life so far, let me go ahead and write about it. That's what I did, and that's what I've been doing since then. Moved back and I was in

Minneapolis up until '87 or '88. And moved back to Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh area. Almost two years ago moved out here to central Pennsylvania, Harrisburgh. There's my life, bro. My life's always been, "If it don't fit in my car, it isn't needed."

nick: (laughs) I used to be like that.

bill: I own my own home, and it doesn't really matter. You don't fall in love with material shit because it's just going to make you feel bad one day. It's people you gotta work with, not all that stuff around you.

nick: what was the total amount of time you spent in Vietnam?

bill: The first tour was six months, the second tour was six months, the third tour was about three and a half months.

nick: I'm assuming judging from the way that you write there's not a lot of fiction in what you write.

bill: sure, there's very little.

nick: What is it within yourself that gives you the desire to continue to write about Vietnam after all these years?

bill: I never wanted to be labeled a Vietnam vet. Ever. But everytime I sit down to write, it falls out of me. I'm writing a novel right now and I promised myself I'm not going to write about Vietnam. And just three pages into it, it rears it's ugly head and just vomits all over the page. It must be such a part of me that obviously it's going to be in all of my writing. As much as I don't want to be, because write now I'd rather not write about it, but I can't seem to let it go. Believe me, I

want to. There were times when I wrote about Vietnam and it didn't get published and I took that in stride. To me it's the part of my life that shaped me and it's hard to get away from it.

nick: My uncle was in Vietnam and he had nightmares about the war long after

he got back. I was wondering if you had the same experience.

bill: I still have 'em. I've got my wife right over here, she can verify this stuff.

Yes sir. They come out of nowhere. I still got them, although there not as frequent. They don't own me as much.

But I have nights where it's a bad night, sure. You can go to see enough

counselors and doctors, but your dreams, they can't tamper with them yet. Oh yeah, they come back, they

come back. I still see Vietnam in my sleep. Once or twice a month.

nick: In your chapbook, Blood Rain, you write a lot about the death of your

daughter due to leukemia. In your heart, do you believe that her death was

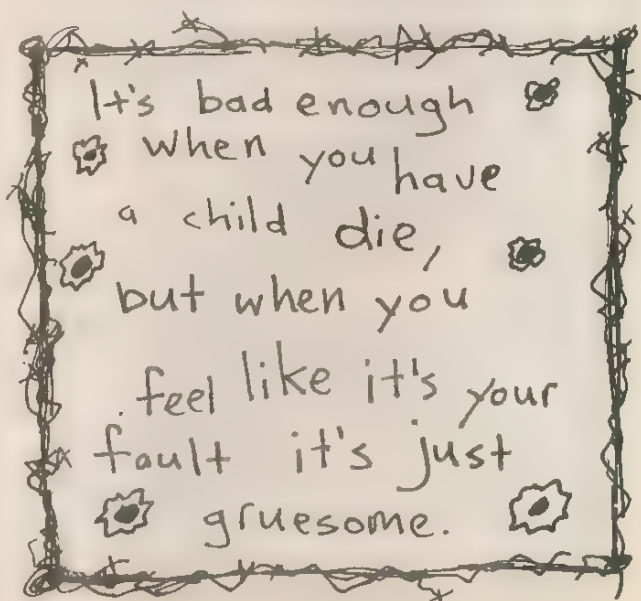
due to Agent Orange?

bill: yes I do.

nick: What has the government done to assist and compensate you?

bill: Nothing. It's bad enough when you have a child die, but when you feel like

it's your fault it's just gruesome. Part of



me knows that if I had known Agent Orange would have done this, I never would have had kids.

nick: have any of your other children had any problems?

bill: no, but they're examined every six months. I'm not taking any chances with them. It still haunts me.

nick: have you had any problems yourself from Agent Orange?

bill: I don't drink or do drugs now because I have a bad liver, and that's not because of drinking or drugs, that's due to Agent Orange. My liver functions were so screwed up because of that. I have to be very careful with myself. That's all strictly from Agent Orange.

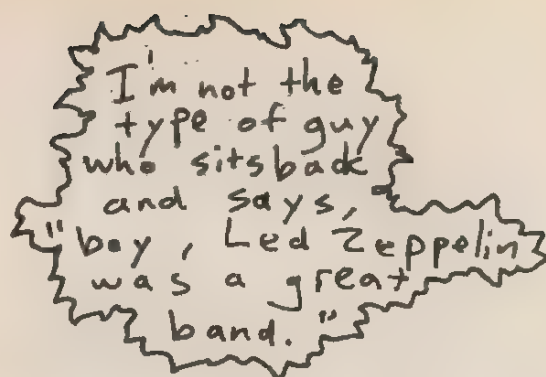
nick: did you get any assistance from the government because of that.

bill: yeah, I've got some disability money coming to me because of that.

nick: what were your thoughts when you enlisted in the military. what are your thoughts now about the war, the government, and about the United States fighting all over the world in the name of democracy.

bill: I was seventeen when I went in, I had to get my mother's signature on the line. I was a young stupid kid from a small town and didn't know any better. If I had gone on to college, I might not have gone in, I'm pretty sure of that. Small town USA, fight for your country mentality, I bought into all that, so I did it. My thoughts at the time were really naive. Now, we pitched away a lot of good men away, personally killed a lot of good friends of mine. It's unforgivable. My own peer group (and you can quote me right down the road) I spit on. If you're my age, and you're not a Nam vet, I want to know your reason. Just because my peer group are the biggest bunch of hypocrites to ever walk the face of this fucking planet. Is that strong enough for you, bro?

nick: sounds good to me.



bill: anybody that could have been a beatnik and then a hippie and then consuming their life with their yuppie mentality, that's why my peer group is all about. I reject them as heavily as they reject me. Except they've called the shots on my life when I've sat on the other side of the employment office from them. And they've decided not to hire me. yeah, I really don't like my own peer group. I don't even listen to classic rock, I listen to punk rock. I'm not the type of guy who sits back and says, "boy, Led Zeppelin was a great band." I say listen to the Cramps or whatever is happening right now. Mudhoney or whatever, but don't listen to the old dinosaur rock n roll.

nick: do you listen to Rollins and his stuff?

bill: oh yeah, sure do. Me and him were just talking about Die Cheerleader the other night and what a great band they are. He's helped me with a lot of music. I've been into punk rock since about '81, and that's pretty much all I listen to. I may listen to some jazz, but, classic rock? fuckin' never. That shit is banned in my house. My daughters like Pink Floyd and I'm saying, "aww, fuck. give it a break. Don't play that shit when I'm home."

nick: that's pretty good.

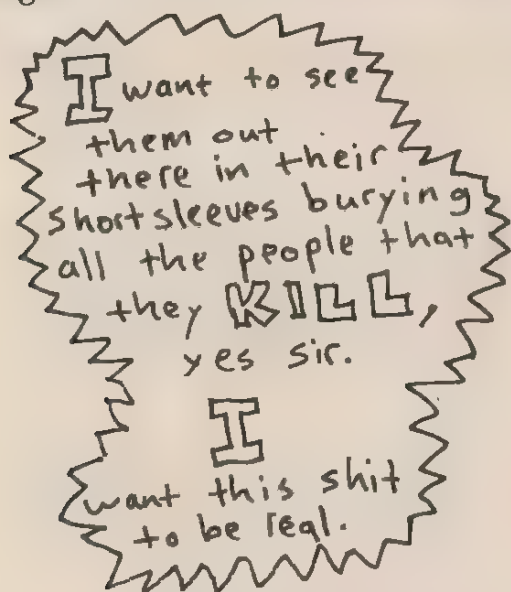
bill: (laughs) That makes me for a pretty weird 43 year old guy who says, "boy, that's weak music."

nick: what do you think about our country going around the world to fight for democracy?

bill: It's so wrong, it's like the gulf war. We just can't help ourselves in this country. We've got to go be the bully and kick the hell out of someone. It's just wrong. Let's pick on someone our own size, quit bothering the midgets. I want to know how come the fighter pilots didn't have to come down to the ground and have to bury all the Iraqi women and children they killed. That's what I want to see, some responsibility in this country for all the death.

nick: that never happens.

bill: no sir. They fly, they bomb, and they have a beer at the officer's club that night. I want to see them out there in their shortsleeves burying all they people that they kill, yes sir. I want this shit to be real. It's not right. I don't support our government in what they do. I always figure, well, I got a few purple hearts, I'm gonna speak my mind. It goes on and on and on. It's just not right.



nick: If you hadn't fought in Vietnam, what do you think you'd be doing now, and do you think you'd be writing?

bill: I've thought about that, more than what I want to tell you. I don't know what I would have done. I would have wanted to leave the small town where

I'm from, but I wouldn't have had the tools to make it on my own worth a shit. I was just one more stupid assed teenager. My wife said my whole life has been, "a series of flukes." I love that. I work hard at what I do, and when something good happens, it always surprises the shit out of me. I never figured on Rollins doing a book of mine. I never figured on all this kind of shit. If you're totally committed to one thing, and you give it what you got, things will happen. I do live that way. They can fault you for anything but if you can persevere and endure you'll always get my respect. After my daughter died I was just dead, but once I started writing again a freight train couldn't have stopped me. I don't care if five people read my books. I mean, I want them published because you write to be read. If you write for any other reason, you're a fool. Not for money. Not for fame. You write to be read.

nick: as soon as someone does something creative with the desire to make money I feel that they lose whatever truth that it has.

bill: you can always tell. if you look at writers who get famous, the book after it happens for them is always weak. They're writing for the audience rather than themselves. All that matters, as far as myself as a writer, is that I like it. I never think of an audience. It's gotta be mine. I don't care if anybody else likes it or not. I wrote the son of a bitch. It wouldn't have existed without me.

nick: how many times were you wounded in Vietnam?

bill: a couple. More than a couple. Two I got purple hearts for. But I got shrapnel that you didn't even bother with, it was a waste of time.

nick: did your parents approve of you going to Vietnam?

bill: yeah, my mother did, but then later changed her mind. After I got wounded a time or two. She didn't do well with that. My father didn't care either way.

I used to not be that well-adjusted but thanks to the caring people Behavioral Modifications Inc. I'm much better now. I quit listening to that noisy rock music and got my business back in the good book. You better believe it, buddy! I don't think about sexual intercourse anymore. I'll wait until the lady of my dreams says "I do"! It turns out it wasn't the system that was the problem... It was me. Just like the song says "Don't Rock The Boat".

(— Stanley McLauren)
insurance agent

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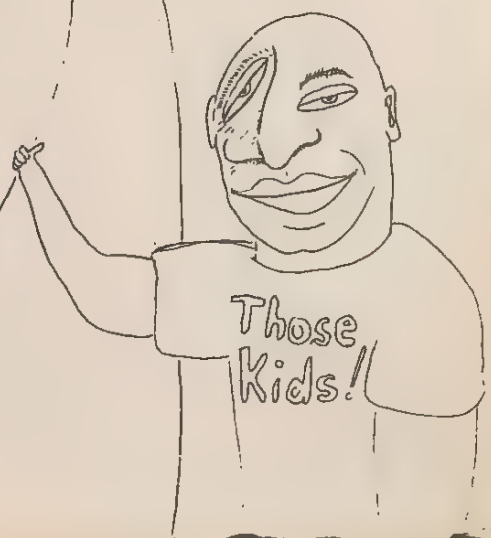
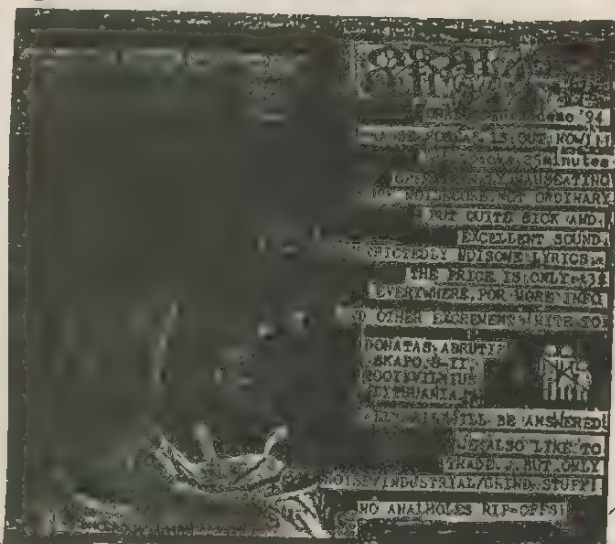
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CZECH REPUBLIC

genius scribbles
by Dave Farris



nick: did you have anybody to support you after the war?

bill: not really. Just buddies from the war. But from the outside community? No, you kinda just shut your mouth and just dealt with it.

nick: do you think it was possible for anyone to help you?

bill: I could have been helped. I was a young man who had seen a lot of horror and not doing real well with it. I went to drugs which was a bad move. But it was the only move I knew was going to at least stop some of the pain because I couldn't take it anymore. There was nobody. You just dealt with it in your own way. Nobody was pro-Vietnam vet at that time. Whatever it took you to get to the next day is what you did. I've written a lot about that. Well, the fact was it was a very vicious war. And it was going to traumatize anybody that was there and there were no facilities that were prepared to handle that. I guess that anger is about...I have got a lot of friends who are dead. A real slow suicide. If they hadn't gone to Vietnam, would that have happened? Maybe. But I kinda doubt it. I look at every Nam vet I know...everyone of us has been divorced, everyone of us has drug problems, alcohol problems, everyone of us has been to jail...something's wrong here. We're not indicative of our peer group, we're part of our own thing.

nick: what do you think about president clinton, his evasion to the draft, and his claims to smoking dope yet not inhaling?

bill: president clinton--what bullshit. I wouldn't buy a used car from the man. It's not a matter of politics but of character. Little rich white boy from nowhere, never worked a real job in his whole life. Republican, democrat, whatever, I just know he's full of shit. And, he didn't inhale? It's such crap. I have contempt for the man, but I also have contempt for the system. Only a pure idiot would have said that but it

was an idiot who's a part of our idiotic system where he had to say that. And we had to believe it. I didn't choose to but the majority must have, they voted him in. Here's a man who avoided the war, just be up front about it all. Put your shit out there. That's all I care about.

nick: if there's anything in your life you could change because of Vietnam what would that be?

bill: my daughter's death. that would be it, by far. I would have much rather died than her to be very honest. I always wondered when parents said that kind of stuff, but then I understood it. I've already lived my life, let her live hers.

nick: do you have any friends from the war you still keep in touch with?

bill: I ran into a guy I was on my second tour with who lives five miles down the road from here. I ran into him and we just knew each other and I went, "son of a bitch." There's four other navy seals I see on and off over the years. I'm the only one who's working a regular job. That always makes me feel ok. I'm pretty fucking normal after all. I love

those guys, they're all my brothers. I got friends in town who were vets and they stop by all the time--they're brothers too. My door is open to them all the time.

nick: you described in your chapbook Blood Rain the first time you killed a man. Most people who read that would probably view that description as fictitious. To you, how real was that?

bill: it's true. Absolutely real.

nick: What feelings now do you have about the Viet Cong soldiers you killed in the war?

bill: I don't feel guilty about them. I probably fell closer to them than I do 99% of the americans I know. That's weird, huh? I feel a kinship of sorts with them. They don't haunt me, I get them in my dreams. I still respect them. Which is more than what I can say for

Most of the people in this country. I respect the hell out of them. They were totally committed.

nick: have you seen any of the movies on the Vietnam war and how well did any of them portray the war?

bill: Platoon caught some of the intense fear. I remember the big time fear of Charlie Sheen waking up and hearing a guy walking up towards him. They all missed their mark, though. Platoon was probably the best of all of them. Apocalypse Now was a hell of movie but it didn't have anything to do with Vietnam. It had more to do with Conrad's Heart of Darkness. Platoon was close. They all tend to fall short.

(Bill tells Nick some stuff off the record and switches subjects to a proposed lecture series...) When that happens, I'll believe it. I've spent a lot of years at this, and all I ask for is the energy to do one more book. Everything else is just pure gravy on the mashed potatoes. That's the way I look at life. I just want to do another book.

nick: what do you think it means that there have been so many attacks on the white house in recent times (they both laugh).

bill: I think people are just tired of feeling helpless about the situation. And tired of feeling hopeless. It's not symbolic, people have just had it. Everyone I talk to has had it. Everything's out of our hands, out of our control. We can't change it. I don't condone it, but it does get my attention.

nick: do you think the things you write about are a way of hitting back without compromising your physical person?

bill: I remember thinking, "I've got to make these words better than a movie, better than an album. I've got to make these words make you not forget." And I said, "I have to do that. And the way I do it is write intensely as I can. and however I can do that. but you'll not soon forget my words, and if you do, then I'm doing a bad job." I wrote for

BILL SHIELDS

advice from
a Man who
should've
died in
Vinh Long

awhile with it just falling out of me. And then I wrote thinking I'm doing it for my dead friends so that I don't lose them. And then I realized, you're writing for yourself, bill shields. You forget that sometimes. There's no implied warranty to life. Write it all down, get as much of it out of you as you can. You could drop dead tomorrow.

nick: is being alone a positive or negative thing to you?

bill: There are times when I don't get enough of it. It's real important. When I don't, that's when I start feeling real brittle, and I don't like that. It's hard on me. I feel really pushed and shoved from all ends. A lot of solitude's good for you. It lets you pull back, lets you think, lets you think about you for a while.

nick: why do you think people in general can't handle that?

bill: they don't want to deal with those demons that come with all of that. It's hard to deal with all that. Other people find solace in others, but not me. I love

my wife and kids, but they're not the reason I'm on this planet. I like people, though. We have a lot of friends. But when I don't want to be around people, I don't. I pity people who have to be around people all the time. I say, "boy you better go see a doctor...that's a fuckin disease there." I like a lot of quiet time in my house.

nick: do you believe in god?

bill: nope. I wish I did, but I don't. I've tried, but...don't live your life thinking there's an afterlife. It gives people a reason. they need a reason, their life is not enough. Religion is a hell of shot of morphine. Take the horror head on...don't live life behind a personal jesus. That's strictly my own opinion. I don't go around preaching it.

nick: what do you think of the american justice system?

bill: it works great if you're rich. that's my whole take on the american justice system.

nick: what do you think about drugs.

bill: I'm anti-drug, I'll tell you straight up. I've done enough of them in my lifetime. I've been an addict twice. I come from alcoholics. I don't do any drugs, I did everything known to the planet at one time. All I know is that if you do drugs, take the responsibility for yourself and the drugs you take. And don't use it as a reason or as an excuse.

nick: exactly.

bill: which pretty much fucks everybody over (they laugh). I've been off of heroin for twenty years. You make the decision... you want to live or you want

to die. Ain't no gray area in between. take your pick.

nick: what do you think about police.

bill: boy, they sure ain't much are they? They're pretty ineffective. I don't respect them enough to even consider them a threat to me. I always worry when I get a knock on the door at eight o'clock in the morning and there's a cop at my door. And it's not him I fear, it's jail I fear. And he says, "we need you to

move your car." oh thank you god, I go, yes officer. yeah, I do have contempt for them.

nick: what do you think about registering for the draft when one turns eighteen?

bill: well, my son won't. so there. no shit. I told all my children I did enough time in war that you do not have to go. If any of my kids wanted to join the military, oh man, it would be a real hard day on me.

nick: what do you think about the fact that an american citizen can join the military at the age 17 and possibly die in combat, but they cannot legally buy a beer?

bill: When I came back from Vietnam for the first time, I went to a bar, wouldn't serve me. My hand was in a cast, had stitches all over my face and my sides. I was having problems walking. I couldn't get a beer. So I went to another bar and the guy said, "damn right, he just got back from *that* Vietnam." And they bought me a beer. It was a real redneck bar. And it was like, great, this really sucks. I'm old enough to die but I can't come in here and buy a cheap ass beer.

nick: do you believe in vengeance.

bill: the older I've gotten, I've learned to forgive a little more. I still tend to pay back, though.

nick: for me writing is a necessity, a need to release. Something I have to do. Do you feel the same?

bill: Without a doubt. That's the only way I write. It's even more than an obsession, you know? It has to be. Many things don't have to be in this life, but that has to be.

nick: what do you hope to accomplish with your writing?

bill: It's changed over the years. At first, I meant to say, hey, this is what it's like to be a Vietnam vet, this is the shit we've got to carry around. Now, I get aggressive when I write. Without sounding egotistical, I want to show you

how intense and how vivid words can be.. How honest you can be. This is weirdest thing I've ever learned...was the more personal I make it, the more universal it becomes. Which is strange, but it's true. I took me a while to learn not to care about either looking like a chump or a fool or a victim or a killer. I don't care what you perceive me as, this is how I am. Or I feel suicidal today, or I don't. Or I feel apathetic. But whatever it is, this is the way I am. It must have taken me awhile, because now it's the only way I can write. And I wonder about others who can lie all the way through a poem. Just put your ass on the line and the poem will be good. It may not be the best, but it will be worth reading. You can smell a lie in a poem like a fart in a car. It just jumps up and, bam!, roll down the windows, Martha. nick: how did you get hooked up with Rollins and his 2.13.61?

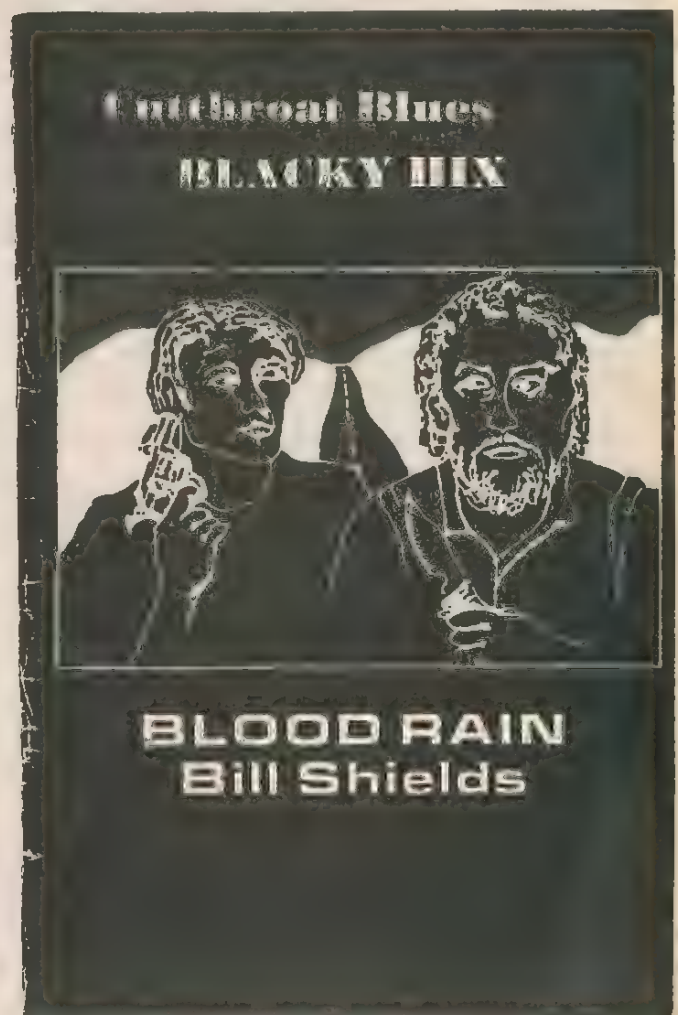
bill: a friend of mine at the time, blacky hix, sent him some of my poems. I got a letter from him saying, I want to be your publisher, send it to me. He sent me some great looking books, and this was before he got really big. And I though, wow, let's give this guy a shot. And I

You can smell
a lie in a
poem like a
fart in a car.

come from the small press world where a big deal is 200 xeroxed copies. I don't care as long as they're getting read. I always liked the small presses, you know the words are getting read. There's no money in it the whole thing, it's completely a labor of love. I ran the Mad Dog Press for eight years, I know.

XXXI

With Henry, I grabbed him all the stuff I could find and that was the first book with him, Human Shrapnel. He said, I'll do every book you'll ever want to do. We did Southeast Asian Book of the Dead. He gave me this freedom that, shoo, I can just burn it through...I've got a guaranteed publisher. The next one is coming out in the fall, it's called Life Taker. Rollins edited the whole thing so I know it will be great on that end. 2.13. went from being small to being pretty big time. They've treated me right. I'll go where my book will matter.



nick: I really like the titles of your chapbooks. Although I feel like a lot of writers don't put a lot of time in it, I think that titles are really important. bill: I put a lot of effort on that. the title has got to be the book, you know?

nick: what other writers do you read?
bill: oh man, I read lots of people. I was just reading Anne Sexton the other night. I looked at a little Auden the other day, and realized W.H. Auden wouldn't that damn good. Dylan Thomas. Jim Thompson, a great mystery writer...he was a sick puppy, a sick dog. Jim Carrol, there's another one.

nick: have you read Rollins' books or any of the other writers on 2.13.61?

bill: oh yeah. Don Bajema, good writer and buddy of mine. Exene. Nick Cave. Selby, I know he's distributing some of his books, he's on of the truly great literary heroes of this century. Last Exit

to Brooklyn will rip the head right off ya. He really dinged my ass, he's terrific. There's a lot of people I respect. Celine was a hell of a writer. Sick puppy, but a hell of a writer. Ezra Pound, hell of a writer, sick puppy. I don't like Burroughs. I like Bukowski, but I had to quit reading him, you start sounding like him. It's so natural. He was a hell of a writer.

nick: you said something...

bill: I said he was wrong! there's no romance in a small room. he was sentimental, but he stomped hard when he was around. But my favorite writers Neruda, William Carlos Williams...those people had a lot more talent than me. I got no ego.

nick: what do you want society to know about Vietnam?

bill: if you were responsible for sending your children to war, don't neglect them when they come home. That's it.

nick: if there's any one thing you want for your children to learn in life, what is it?

bill: there are no excuses and there are no reasons. You are totally responsible for everything you do. And they've all had that hammered into their brains. Totally. It's ok to screw up, just be responsible for it.

nick: Say there's another war, and one of your children want to enlist and want to fight in it, what will you tell them?

bill: Oh, I'd have to break a lot of their bones. No. No. No. I won't allow them to make that choice. I can't allow them to go to fight. I just can't do it. I figure one family went ahead and suffered enough, it doesn't need to continue. I will not allow it. I'd be wild. No sir.

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Poetry Chapbooks

Nick Valle - .38 Slug (15 pages from the author of these chaps: Hardcore Motherfucker, Notes Of A Potential Mass Murderer, New Son, Howling From The Neck.)

Todd Dockery Broken Teeth
(11 pages from the publisher of Lexington's ALRIGHT)

r.r. Lee Etzwiler Feed Yourself To All Who Will Take You
(39 pages from this world wide published poet)

Spoken Word

Nick Valle & Todd Dockery - Men Shouldn't Waste Words
(90 min. cassette, half Nick, half Todd totally uncompromising)

Drop us a line for info and prices!!



★ all the shows Dan W. has seen. ★

Here it is. A quick run-down of Shows I've seen in the recent few years. Lex, L'ville, Cincinnati, Columbus, Bloomington, Boston, Winston-Salem, Blacksburg,

Barenaked Ladies..(Cincinnati Zoo)...Probably the funnest show I've ever seen. Where else can you pelt the band w/ boxes of Macaroni & Cheese?
Madder Rose..(Bogarts-Cincinnati)...I am now convinced that their guitar player is David Koresh. (I mean they never did find the body)
Faith No More..(Brewery-Louisville)..This band definitely knows how to cheese it up and kick ass all at once. What sticks out about this particular show was the opening band Steel Pole Bath tub. They played two songs: Black Sabbath's "Paranoid" & Cheap Trick's "Surrender". Each about 6 times. Half the crowd got a kick out of it & the other half were pretty pissed. I was amused.
Nine Inch Nails..(Winston-Salem, NC)...Trent & company certainly seem to have adapted well to playing arenas but I had a feeling that all their shows were probably about the same. Marilyn Manson opened up. Ugly. Loud. Evil. Loud. Ugly.

Over the Rhine..(here & there)...Officially the band I've seen the most times. Four. They do really great outdoor shows. They also have some of the most beautiful audiences I'd ever been among.

Bela Fleck & the Flecktones..(Kentucky Theatre-Lex) They play the KY Theatre just about every spring now. These guys are good. Really good. But they're technically good. I mean amazing musicians. I usually just sit and stare in awe the whole time.

Digable Planets..(Blacksburg, Lex)..Ya can't really dance to DPs. But you can't help but move. The result is a groove induced lethargic swaying action.
Spearhead..(Student Center-UK)..I was so jazzed when SAB booked them & DPs to play UK. Imagine. Spearhead is unbeatable for stage presence & energy. I worked up a sweat & everything.

Cowboy Junkies..(Bogarts-Cincinnati)...I have this recurring fantasy about them playing the Woodland Arts & Crafts Festival one year. One can but dream. (Check out their new live album)

Reverend Horton Heat..(Brewery-L'ville)..Now this was a raucous show. And I noticed Horton never finished a single cigarette.

Mary Lou Lord..(Sudsy's-Cincinnati)..My roommate AJ has this recurring fantasy of her playing the Wrocklage & crashing at our place. One can but dream.

Pantera..(Bogarts-Cincinnati)..Ah, the metal years..That was the best pit I'd ever been in. Just the right amount of violence but not too many belligerent fuckers elbowing people for fun.

Royal Crescent Mob..(Bogarts-Cincinnati)..It was New Year's Eve and I didn't know any of their songs.

Dirty Dozen Brass Band..(Lynaghs-Lex)..Nuthin' live Orleans Jazz to get the blood flowing and the feet movin. And yeah, they definitely are dirty.

G Love & Special Sauce..(Sudsy's-Cincinnati)..The best leisure suit I've ever seen.

Tool... (Bloomington, IN)...The only reason I went to Lollapalooza (3?) They played their dark & evil music while the roadies merrily sprayed the crowd w/ water guns.

Lack 47..(Boston, MA)..I fell asleep. I can't explain it. They played a good show, I swear. I was just dead on my feet I guess.

Ani DiFranco..(Columbus, OH)..Ani rocks my world. She gave me shivers.

Truly amazing what that woman can do with an acoustic guitar & a lot of guts.

The Future?...Ravi Shankar, Clouds, Jamiroquai, Tom Waits, Dick Dale, Tori Amos, Material, the Grassy Knoll, Portishead



3.3



A FEW RECORD REVIEWS (like anyone cares)...

by **PUNKY Doug Saretsky**

ASSRASH "Save for Your Doomed Future" EP
CHRISTDRIVER EP

Two new releases from Profane Existence Records-ASSRASH hail from Minneapolis and play very fast hardcore drunk-punk similar to VARUKERS. CHRISTDRIVER features ex-members of SUBVERT (legendary Seattle anarcho-thrash band), but play slow, punishing noise similar to GODFLESH or GRIEF. Both are totally worth your cash-CHRISTDRIVER will have a full-length LP out soon. (\$3 each ppd to Profane Existence/P.O. Box 6722/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

VOORHEES/STALINGRAD split EP

Another solid offering from England; VOORHEES are straight-up punk rock with angry, shouted vocals. STALINGRAD make their vinyl debut with a more gruff hardcore sound. Good shit. (Caught Offside Records/7 Meadow View/Leeds/ LS6 1JQ, United Kingdom)

NO DICE, BABY.
WHAT WOULD I
DO, GO TO WORK?
I'VE GOT BIGGER
THINGS TO DO, BIG-
GER THINGS FOR
BOTH OF US.

I REACHED THE DOCKS AND RAN
WILDLY. BUT I KNEW I WAS TOO LATE.
JUST A FEW STRAGGLERS WERE
COMING FROM THE SHIP...

V/A: "The Furious Years of Italian Hardcore Punk
in 7-Inches" CD

This is an absolutely essential compilation of earlier Italian bands featuring the likes of WRETCHED, PEGGIO PUNX, the EU'S ARSE, DECLINO, IMPACT, and FALLOUT. There are over 50 tracks on this CD, all of which exemplify the hyperactive, snotty sound of Italian punk. Like I said, essential. (Antichrist Dionysus/ c/o Daniele Schiliro/Via Mameli 14.51100/Pistoia/Italy)

MONSTER X/HUMAN GREED split EP

I can't seem to find anything that'll lift this off my turntable-MONSTER X lay down two tracks of all-out straightedge grindcore(!), and HUMAN GREED pull off a total crust attack with some very disturbing noisebites thrown in. (Hater of God Records/P.O. Box 1371/Troy, NY 12181-1371)

FLEAS AND LICE/BLEEDING RECTUM split LP

Skuld Records has had a Midas touch recently-putting out tons of great records. FLEAS AND LICE (formerly MUSHROOM ATTACK) rip up side A with their fast crust style. BLEEDING RECTUM kick down nine tracks on the flip; good, loud hardcore with a touch of sarcasm thrown in. (Skuld Releases/Malmsheimerstr. 14, 71272/Renningen, Germany)

V/A: "Kamikaze Attacked America" CD

Commemorating the 50th anniversary of the end of World War II, this compilation is a split between MCR USA and Japan, with great bands from both sides of the ocean. Standouts include cuts from ANTIAUTHORIZE, OTTAWA, FINAL WARNING, and SENSELESS APOCALYPSE. Crucial! (MCR USA/P.O. Box 17742/Covington, KY 41017)

CITIZEN FISH: "Millennia Madness" LP

The latest release from these ex-SUBHUMANS folks. Not totally what I would call "punk rock-" this is more of a ska style, but without the disposability of today's legion of OPERATION IVY clones. (Lookout! Records/P.O. Box 11374/Berkeley, CA/94712)

CACOFONIA-"Last Castration" 10"

Classic grinding noise shit from Mexico, circa 1991. A.C. and SORE THROAT fans will drop to their knees! Features surprise BEATLES and FEAR OF GOD covers. (Anomie Records/Ulrich Glotzbach/Cheruserstrake 3/44793 Bochum/Germany)

NAILED DOWN-"Violent Distortion" 3" CD

I got this yesterday and was completely blown to bits. 27 songs, all under a minute long! Chaotic power-violence in tune with NO COMMENT or CAPITALIST CASUALTIES, but with the craziness that only Australia can produce. (\$7 ppd. to Profane Existence Far East/Izumi Kubo/35-3 Sannaicho Sennyuji/Higashiyamaku/Kyoto/605/Japan)

POWER OF IDEA-"Yellow Thrash" CD

Japanese hardcore at its juiciest...POWER OF IDEA smoke on this CD, which was recorded by Don Fury in New York City. Twelve tracks of punchy, noisy punk with a metal edge. Awesome. (Tribal War Records/P.O. Box 20012/Tompkins Square Station/New York, NY 10009)

V/A: "Eggmangel" LP

Recorded live on a Swedish egg farm (hence the title), this LP feature live tracks from DISARM, SVART PARAD, KRUNCH, ROVSVETT, and RAPED TEENAGERS. A lot of different sounds are represented here; from SVART PARAD's brand of DIS-thrash to KRUNCH's pogo punk attack. (Your Own Jailer/J. Jutila/P.B. vag 14/756 49 UPPSALA/SWEDEN)

WRELL'S

CROSS WORD PUZZLE

PART. 2

ACROSS

DOWN

1. Nitzer Fiction
2. Moon Shepherd & lullaby maker
3. actor Daniel Day
4. performed in person
5. Punk band. Definitely not.
6. Johnny or moolah
7. Boss (an oinker)
8. dirty loud kids
9. the king

11. (who's afraid of) these 80's ambient innovators
12. Bog Brother of TV & radio
13. Lou Barlow's band
14. Home to Cowboy Junkies, Tragically Hip & hockey
15. crooner Leonard
16. Reggae master Peter
17. recent-explosive-middle easterners
18. Al Gore's wife

19. Press-On Nails
20. Frank's guitar wants to kill you mother
21. Lead Dead Kennedy
22. Dick Dale & the
23. Camper/Zant/Halen/Morrison
24. kate or george (I don't wanna come back down..)
25. Spanish Art entity Salvador
26. German artist H.R. creator of Alien
27. Ice Cube album Lethal
28. Combustible or inventor Thomas
29. teeth doctors
30. Phair
31. Dark Angels, Quartet
32. Louisville band (also a mythical gorilla)
33. Eat, drink & be
34. Ted Bundy's
35. Lisa & Nine Stories
36. College Music Journal
37. Our thursday jam Throbbosonic
38. THE voice of black sabbath
39. Our dance show, Thur the

43. Blossoms/card game/friend of tonic
44. band Magnetic
45. Reverend Horton
46. Laundrymat/club in Cincinnati
47. local bluesters Metro Blues All
48. Tipper & her album stickering goonies
49. Not Mr. Bungle, Not Mr. Mister
50. On all the goddamn Burger King cups
51. movie of the White Worm
52. a famous wookie
53. Morrissey's band

54. Kings of Rock (actually a rap group)
55. Celtic friends of Van Morrison
56. Pass the
57. Kernel's Little Thursday rag
58. 007
59. Ska band Mighty Mighty
60. Metallica's late great basshead
61. Benefit album for Victoria Williams, Sweet
62. Pistols, Police, Coitus
63. Space Surf gig Man or
64. this needs an opener
65. Kool-Aid & Gih (see Soul Coughing's Mr. Bitterness)
66. Local wackos Feeber
67. half of the Indigo Girls
68. Cypress
69. Yes, they're a Good Cure for Pain
71. Music club Jefferson Davis
72. the Hoople

70. Matthew or Leaf

1. Saturday nights 6-9pm, Blues This
2. Henry Rollins former band
3. Actress Thurman
4. Engineers' favorite comic strip
5. FNM's 4th album, also a drug
6. Wender's movie Until the of the World
7. Our underground show
8. Bikini Kill's Kathleen

9. a bat's radar
10. 5 down's band in question
11. core/luck/rock/boiled
12. G Love & Special
13. Doggy Dog
14. Potato State
15. REM-Michael Stipe+Warren Zevon=

17. Green Day album
18. lead Dignable Planet
19. whose addiction?
20. Lou Reed & Co.
21. Our international music show
22. Back on the Y'all
23. Milli

24. Reznor or Knuckles
25. horns, tail, a ladies' man
26. Green light
27. a blood & feces kinda guy, GG
28. Mr. Headroom
29. Our Instrumental show
30. crappy music magazine
31. White Zombie song about cars
32. All you can Eat Ingenue
33. Producer Butch
34. band Carpets
35. Jazz singer Nina
36. Saxophonist Ornette
37. lead Melody Maker, son of Bob

38. the other half of the Indigo girls
39. the lonely
40. our Local show In the
41. really bad actor, star of Speed
42. twice the sugar, twice the caffeine
43. Prince song or Paul Stanley & Co.
44. Larry, Moe, Curly & Iggy
45. KillMotherFuckingDepecheMode
46. keep this Cincinnati music club to yourself
47. Public Enemy's DJ
48. Welcome to their Terrordome
49. Uk's mascot, worshipped by many
50. Bruce Lee movie Enter the
51. Al Jourgenson built my hotrod
52. Pork, the white meat
53. Ice T's posse Rhyme
54. Crooked asphalt, crooked asphalt
55. Fodder/HeadSilo/Flesh/Lives Underwater/Is my Co-Pilot
56. sans clothes
57. a boring state or a cool movie theater

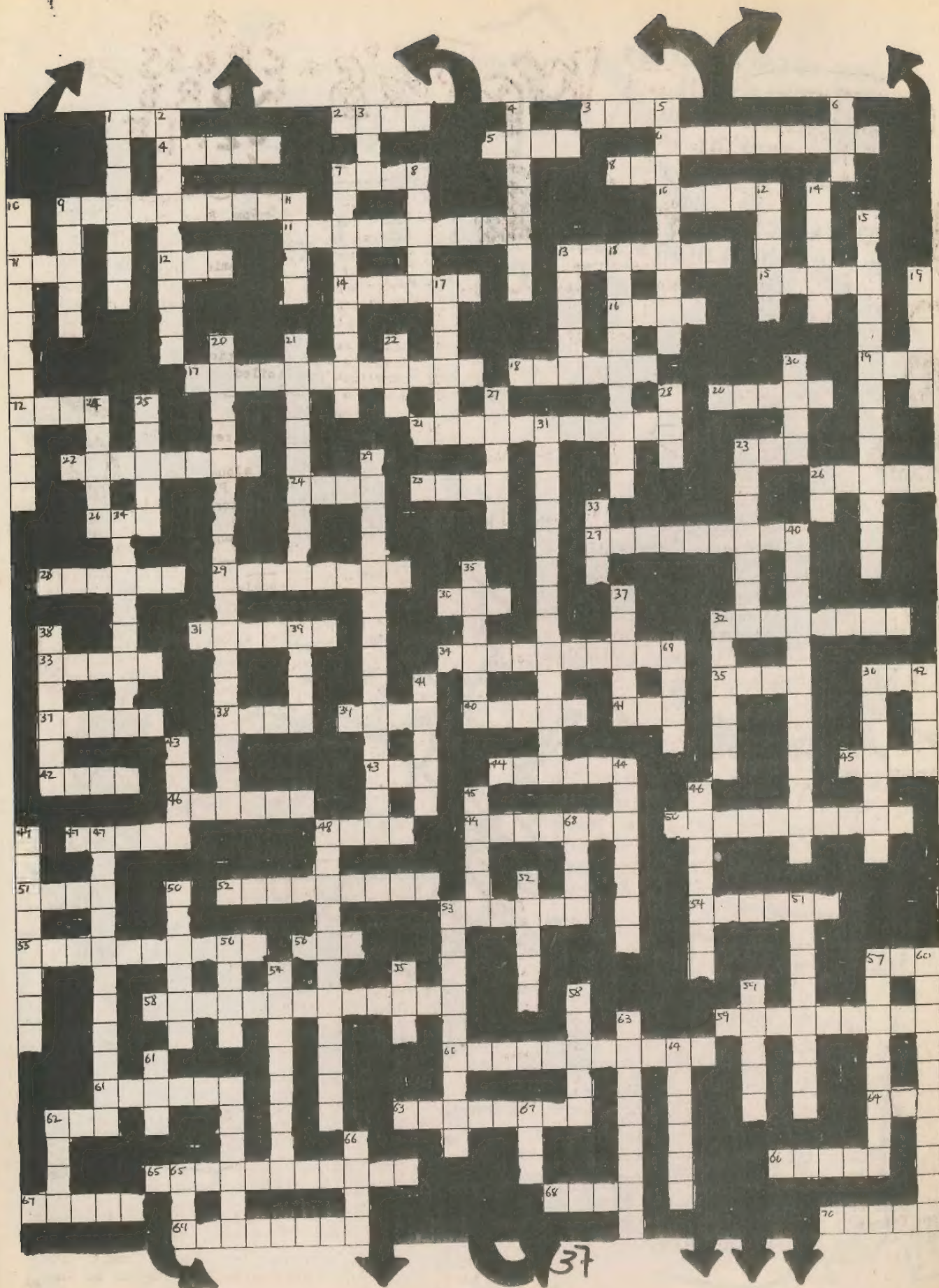
58. Dance Squad
59. the Barbarian

60. Maker of My Own Private Idaho & Drugstore Cowboy
61. you can eat
62. Blues great Memphis
63. Faith No More side project (sort of)
64. Actor Gary (Dracula, Beethoven)

65. the + the Poplar
66. Band leader Ellington
67. UK's maze-like library
68. Pop - the weasle
69. Facial Attraction

PAGE
36

Tell'em
Dan Woods
Sent ya!!



**JON SPENCER BLUES
EXPLOSION**
a live review,
sort of
by todd dockery

**animal crackers, a hooker,
and the white man's soul.**

It all began simply enough...Mark (my friend, home for the summer from Northwestern in Chicago) called me up and left a message on my machine while I was at work informing me that the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion was playing at Bogart's. I immediately called him back and said, "yeah, baby. Let's go." A mere 12 bucks and a short ride to Cinci. was all that stood between us and a chance to soak up some authentic sweat of the blues explosion.

No big story in the trip up there at all, just got a free pack of Pall Malls from Mark which led me to my current situation--I'm trying to quit. Made it to Bogart's, smoked some cigs.

The Demolition Doll Rods opened up dressed in 50s style diner waitress outfits. Very three chord with some Velvet Underground and Stooges covers. Very New York. One of them used to be in the Gories. They have their own them song (you know, like the Monkees) and did a strip tease at the end of the show. You can't fault them.

Jon Spencer's got what I'd call white man's soul. I wouldn't call the band's sound

rockabilly nor would I call it soul-funk. It's more like the seamless aimless vocal delivery of a kinda Hasil Adkins put down over some James Brown riffs simplified (is that possible?) and obscured. IF that doesn't sound completely awe inspiring then I'm not conveying what it's like to see these cats sweat it out live. The Blues Explosion scooped the crowd up and made love to us (or rather, I should say fucked us) before we even realized we were being seduced. Most shows, even the good ones, drag on and your feet get tired. Admit it. But the Blues Explosion left me dangling, like a school girl with a crush, for more.

The journey home, uneventful. But Mark and I did stop for gas and snacks. I grabbed a box of animal crackers and a bottle of orange juice, and, on the way out of town as I was chomping on my unsophisticated food, we drove past a hooker with her thumb up in the air, nearly standing in the middle of the road.

wrfl's SEX KITTENS.



Dan
He is intersted in pastry and ruling
the world.
Gorgeous long hair to make even the most
jaded cutie swoon.

A.J.
He likes listnening to music and talking on the phone.
Girls, just look at those legs!

Tom
He enjoys dressing in disguise and bumblng
around in a paranoid stupor.
Classic rugged looks.



baby!

WRFL

Stealing
Your
Children
One at
A
Time

